

À la claire fontaine

Gagnon, ed., *Chansons populaires du Canada*, 1865

By the clear spring, while out for a stroll,
I found the water so lovely I went bathing.
 I loved you for a long while,
 I'll never forget you.

Under an oak I dried myself;
On the highest branch the nightingale sang.

Sing, nightingale, with your carefree heart.
Your heart is laughing, mine is weeping.

I wish the rose was still on the rose-bush,
And the rose-bush thrown into the sea.
 I loved you for a long while,
 I'll never forget you.

[Trans., John Beckwith]

Kenneth Peacock (1922-2000) was a distinguished graduate of the University of Toronto's Faculty of Music (1943). His body of work, as a composer and ethnomusicologist, made a significant impact on musical life in Canada. The Faculty of Music was grateful to learn that he had made a bequest in his will for the benefit of our music programs. With this legacy, the Faculty of Music will establish the Kenneth H. Peacock Lecture Series in Music in keeping with his lifelong interest in and contribution to the multi-dimensional aspects of music. The endowment will fund an annual series of lectures by faculty, graduate students, and visiting scholars in musicology, composition, music education, and performance. The series will be an integral component of our graduate program enrichment for generations to come. Today's presentation is dedicated to the memory of Kenneth Peacock.

"When I carried my apron low
My love followed me through frost and snow;
But now my apron is to my chin,
My love passes by and won't call in."

She took her roses and made a bed,
A stony pillow for her head,
She lay her down, no more did say,
Just let her roses fade away.

She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She's like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sunshine upon the lee shore,
She loves her love, but she'll love no more.

Le Roulier

Th.-É. Hamel, comp., *Les Annales musicales du Petit Cap*, late 19th c., Québec; words and music, Louis-Charles Letellier

Just now I drew my lot, figuring to avoid army service.
But luck, that rogue, has betrayed me; I must go to war.
I, who never struck anything but the grain in the field,
Must now strike at the enemy.

Farewell, father and mother whom I love, farewell, dry your tears.
Since the law says I must serve in the profession of arms,
I may turn out to be a wee field-marshal,
Or a general – or a corporal.

Put aside your worries, Rose, my good little sweetheart;
I will always love you, and when I get to join the cavalry troop,
By heaven, I'll call my mare by your name,
As a reminder of you.

No matter where I am, if I'm still alive, I'll send you my letters.
If I'm silent, that's different; that will be a bad sign.
It will mean I'm dead, and in that case
You'll see why I don't write.

[Trans., John Beckwith]

Müde kehrt ein Wanderer zurück

Peacock, ed., *Twenty Ethnic Folk Songs of Western Canada*, Ottawa, 1966

Wearily a wanderer returns
To the home of the one he loves.
He came up to the house of his darling loved one
And asked her for the finest wreath of flowers.

The pretty gardener's wife, so delicate and pale,
Immediately went with him into the flower bed;
And every time a rose pricked her finger
The tears rolled down her face.

"Why are you weeping, pretty gardener's wife?
Are you weeping for the dark blue violets?
Or are you weeping for the roses which prick your finger?"
"No, I am not weeping for the flowers alone.

I am weeping only for my loved one,
He who has gone into the wide world,
He who has promised to be true to his dear loved one,
And has broken that promise."

[Trans., Henry G. Ens]

She's Like the Swallow

Karpeles, ed., *Folk Songs from Newfoundland*, London, 1934; Peacock, ed., *Songs of the Newfoundland Outports*, Ottawa, 1965

She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She's like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sunshine upon the lee shore,
She loves her love but she'll love no more.

Down in the meadow this fair maid bent,
A-picking the prim-e-rose just as she went;
The more she picked and the more she pulled
Until she gathered her ap-e-ron full.

She climbed on yonder hill above
To give a rose unto her love;
She gave him one, she gave him three,
She gave her heart in company.

I hired to work in the lumber-woods where they cut the tall spruce down.
While loading teams with yarded logs, I received a deadly wound.

Here's adieu unto my father; 'twas him who drove me here.
I thought he used me cruelly; his treatments were severe.
For 'tis not right to oppress a boy, or try to keep him down:
'Twill oft repulse him from his home when he is far too young.

Here's adieu unto my greatest friend, I mean my mother dear.
She raised a son who fell as soon as he left her tender care.
'Twas little did my mother know, when she sang lullaby,
What country I might travel in, or what death I might die.

Here's adieu unto my youngest friends, those Island girls so true.
Long may they bloom to grace that isle where first my breath I drew.
For the world will roll on just the same when I have passed away:
What signifies a mortal man, whose origin is clay?

Hanusja

National Museum of Man, Ottawa (I. B.4); recorded by Robert Klymasz and transcribed by
Kenneth Peacock, 1964

There on a hillock were two cuckoos cutting barley;
A third cuckoo, Hanusja, was gathering flax.

"O God, level the mountains even with the valleys
So that I can see my father from afar.
I care not whether they are levelled or not,
For I can recognize my father by his voice.

"O God, level the mountains even with the valleys
So that I can see my mother from afar.
I care not whether they are levelled or not,
For I can recognize my mother by her voice.

"O God, level the mountains even with the valleys
So that I can see my beloved from afar.
I care not whether they are levelled or not,
For I can recognize my beloved by his voice."

[Trans., Robert B. Klymasz]

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L'Habitant de Saint-Roch

Young, ed., *Vieille chansons de Nouvelle-France*, Québec, 1956

...The very end of the end of the tip of the hair on the tip of the tail of the dog of the sweetheart of the daughter of the wife of the settler from Saint-Roch goes off to market.

[Trans., John Beckwith]

The Jolly Raftsman, O

Fowke, ed., *Traditional Singers and Songs of Ontario*, Hatboro, PA, 1965

I am sixteen, I do confess,
I'm sure I am no older, O.
I place my mind, it never shall move,
It's on a jolly raftsman, O.
 To hew and score it is his plan,
 And handle the broad-axe neatly, O,
 It's lay the line and mark the pine
 And do it most completely, O.

Oh, she is daily scolding me
To marry some freeholder, O;
But I place my mind, it never shall move,
It's on a jolly raftsman, O.
 To hew and score, &c.

My love is marching through the pine
As brave as Alexander, O'
And none can I find to please my mind
As well as that jolly raftsman, O.
 To hew and score, &c.

Peter Emberley

Manny and Wilson, eds., *Songs of Miramichi*, Fredericton, 1968; Creighton, ed., *Folksongs from Southern New Brunswick*, Ottawa, 1971

My name is Peter Emberley, as you may understand.

I was born on Prince Edward Island, near to the ocean strand.
In eighteen hundred and eighty-four, when the flowers were a brilliant hue,
I left my native country, my fortune to pursue.

I landed in New Brunswick, that lumbering country.

I hired to work in the lumber-woods on the Sou-West Miramichi.



Faculty of Music, University of Toronto
Thursday Noon Series

Illustrated Talk: "Arranging Folk Music: Why? How?"

Walter Hall, Thursday 20 September 2001, 12.10 p.m.

Program

Lorna MacDonald, soprano / Michèle Bogdanowicz, mezzo-soprano /
Darryl Edwards, tenor
Sarah Hahn, flute / Aidan Pendleton, violin and viola
John Beckwith, piano and commentator

L'Habitant de Saint-Roch Michèle Bogdanowicz	Québec
The Jolly Raftsman, O Lorna MacDonald	Ontario
Peter Emberley Darryl Edwards	New Brunswick
Hanusja Michèle Bogdanowicz	Saskatchewan
Müde kehrt ein Wanderer zurück Lorna MacDonald	Manitoba
She's Like the Swallow Lorna MacDonald, Michèle Bogdanowicz, Sarah Hahn, Aidan Pendleton	Newfoundland
Le Roulier Darryl Edwards	Québec
À la claire fontaine Lorna MacDonald, Darryl Edwards, Sarah Hahn, Aidan Pendleton	Québec

Arrangements are by John Beckwith. Except for nos. 6 and 8, they are taken from the collections *Five Songs*, 1970; *I Love to Dance*, 1999; and *Young Man from Canada*, 1998.